

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (

Chapter 331 Everything was Subject to Change

Wynter casually mentioned, "I used to really enjoy watching idol dramas. That's where I learned it."

She continued calmly, "Go open the door for Wolf. If you don't, soon he'll bombard me with questions."

Dalton ran his fingers through her hair and stood up. Despite hearing her explanation, he didn't believe a word she said...

Upon opening the door, Wolf's cautious face went pale. He was wary that his boss might cause trouble because he was smitten by

someone's appearance.

He realized the darkness in Dalton's eyes becoming more intense. He wondered if the beads were losing their powers. Wolf looked down at

Dalton's wrist.

Dalton raised an eyebrow. "Are you the only one here?"

Wolf gestured and pointed downstairs. Dalton caught on quickly."

Grandma is having breakfast downstairs, and she sent you to call us?

Wolf nodded in confirmation.

Dalton smiled slightly, "You came at a bad time today, so no money for you." Wolf was baffled by his logic.

Dalton set some ground rules as he let him inside. "Don't come in the mornings or evenings anymore if you want to get paid."

Wolf was skeptical and gestured for him to produce a thousand dollars first.

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Changing his shirt, Dalton responded, "My phone is on the desk. Bring it here."

Wolf hesitated even though he was used to being ordered around by him. Dalton softly chuckled. "I'm transferring the money."

Seeing this as reasonable, Wolf brought him the phone. Dalton transferred 100 thousand dollars to him. "Get out there with her this afternoon and buy her whatever she wants."

Wolf looked at the money while nodding absently. When Wynter came out after changing, she saw the exchange. She raised Wolf's hand, asking lightly, "100 thousand dollars?"

With his straightforward demeanor, Wolf pointed at Dalton and indicated that it was his insistence.

Wynter looked at Dalton, "Don't give him so much next time. Wolf isn't suited for these things."

"Alright," Dalton replied calmly. He drew her closer and said, "Tell me more about your past later."

Wynter was perplexed. She thought he would forget about this matter after her wash-up. Yet, she couldn't believe that Dalton still remembered.

He smiled as he noticed her eyes twitch. Wynter felt a pang of regret for choosing such an intelligent boyfriend. Managing someone like him was challenging, but he was faultless.

Knowing Margaret had mobility issues, Dalton had purchased an electric wheelchair in advance. He chose not to have the driver help but drove them himself for a half-day tour around Kingbourne.

Chapter 337 B.

They enjoyed some roast duck and candy figures. They even got a candy figure molded at the Empire State Building.

In the afternoon, Dalton needed to return to the office and asked if Wynter wanted to join. She asked, "You're planning to take me to the office with you?"

"We agreed you'd see my living and working environment," Dalton said as if it was the most natural thing.

Wynter proposed, "Let's go in a few days. I need to visit the Quinnells today."

“When exactly?” Dalton wondered, unaccustomed to being unable to schedule an appointment.

Wynter considered. “Give it a week or so. I know your condition well enough.”

Her recurring dreams still worried Wynter as she reminded him, “Be careful on the highway. Even if you’re tired, don’t sleep in the car.”

The specifics of the highway weren’t precise, but the timing suggested it wasn’t imminent. The idea that the head of the Yarwood family could so easily have an accident seemed utterly bizarre.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Chapter 332 Wynter in Panzarath

Wynter was pensive. She needed to sort through her thoughts carefully. She wanted to clarify things before telling him.

Unfortunately, Dalton was very sensitive and good at focusing on key points.

“Yes,” Wynter replied while meeting his gaze.

Dalton looked into her eyes and chuckled softly. “I’ll listen to whatever you say.”

This statement made Wynter’s eyes flicker slightly. She remarked, “Then be careful about the people around you.”

“Understood.” Dalton tucked her long hair behind her ear. “If you need anything from the Quinnell family, just say it. I’ve lived in Kingbourne longer than you and know more about these matters.”

Wynter didn’t beat around the bush. “I indeed need you to set up a meeting with a designer.”

“Who?” Dalton asked.

Wynter handed over a business card. “A foreign designer, Carloz Lopez.”

Dalton's eyes deepened. "Another Lopez?"

"Do you know him? That'll make things easier." Wynter spoke calmly. He designed the old Quinnell family house. I think he did well, and I

want to know what inspired him."

Chapter 332 Wynter i Fanzale

Dalton took the card and held it between his fingers, "I remember you once mentioned modernizing fortune predictions."

"Yes, I mentioned that." Wynter didn't want to spar with him. "I know a bit about it. There are problems with the design he did for the Quinnell family. If you know him, don't let him cheat you."

Dalton's lips curved slightly. "So what else is there that I don't know about?"

"That's all." Wynter leaned in closer when she suddenly realized something. "Were you a bit upset just now?"

Dalton put away the card and denied it. "No."

"Because I mentioned the past?" Wynter guessed.

Dalton replied lightly, "You're overthinking it."

After he finished speaking, Dalton added, "Although your taste in the past wasn't great, at least it's much better now." With that, he walked

away.

Wynter was somewhat perplexed. Everyone said that Dalton was dignified and stable, and was always composed.

She wondered why it was always so hard to figure him out when it came to her. He had commented several times that her taste was poor.

Wynter pondered about her past. There wasn't much to it. She just liked pretty things...

Wynter was good at convincing herself. But little did she know, Dalton

cared about other things. For example, why did she once call

someone from the Shepherd family “brother”? Just thinking about it gave Dalton a heartache.

From his perspective, she was only being passive to him. If it weren't for his careful planning, one would wonder if she would've agreed to

be with him.

When he was young, a medium once told him that he was not suited to have obsessions. Once he developed an obsession, the outcome would be undesirable for everyone.

But sometimes, when affection took root, the more one cared, the stronger the obsession. He wanted her to belong entirely to him. He wanted her to willingly love him as much as he loved her-to see him

as irreplaceable.

Wynter had no idea what he was thinking now. She was still planning to pick up some things at Panzarath

Unexpectedly, Fabian had arranged for someone to meet her. Just as she and Wolf got out of the car, they were greeted by a man in a suit holding a string of beads.

The man was cheerful and conspicuous in the crowd because of his outfit. He looked more like a conman than a genuine fortune teller.

“You must be Ms. Quinnell. Please, come in!”

Chapter 333 Wynter Knows Everything

“Ms. Quinnell, it's your first time here, right?” The newcomer was very talkative. He had a strong Kingbourne accent. “You can call me

Ronan.”

As soon as he finished speaking, someone shouted from nearby, “Sir Rathbone, you're here! I have some good stuff today!”

“I'll check them out in a bit.” Ronan nodded and greeted him, exuding an air of authority.

“Alright! Then I'll save them for you!”

Wynter smiled faintly. "Sir Rathbone?"

Ronan replied while fanning himself, "People on the street respect me. That's why they call me that."

After saying this, he continued, "Mr. Quinnell said you were looking for some Evercrest Gems. Are there any specific requirements for the items?"

"None," Wynter said while glancing at Wolf.

Wolf seemed quite familiar with Panzarath. He curled his lips slightly as he swept his gaze across the area. Wynter brought him.

specifically to serve as an "eye". Wolf's eyes could help her find things efficiently.

"Truth be told, Ms. Quinnell, you've come a bit early," Ronan said as they walked. "It's not your fault. You probably don't know the history of Panzarath."

Wynter chuckled lightly and said in a playful tone, "Indeed, I don't much about it."

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Ronan lowered his voice, asking, "Then do you know the origin of Ghoulton?"

Wynter shook her head casually while surveying the street ahead.

Ghoulton originated from the 19th to the 20th century in Kingbourne's history when the nation was declining. Many officials and nobles fell on hard times and sold their family antiques secretly.

To avoid being seen, they chose to trade at dawn with lanterns. Their faces obscured by the red light resembled ghosts, which was how the place got its name.

Those in the antiques business know that Ghoulton had good items. Wynter walked up to a stall that was selling wholesale trinkets.

Ronan added mysteriously, "It's normal for someone your age not to know. Many locals don't either. Panzarath has its taboos. Some things that come from underground should never be touched."

Ronan advised, "You're from the Quinnell family, so I won't deceive

you. According to tradition, the real treasures only appear at dawn when the market opens. That's the insider way to spot treasures.

Treasure hunting starts early. So we'd better come back around 11:00 p.m.," Ronan suggested.

Wolf had already started gesturing to inform Wynter that all the items sold were recently made, and none were old.

Wynter strolled leisurely, not interrupting Ronan's introduction. She quietly asked, "Are there still items from underground? That shouldn't be the case."

"Very rarely," Ronan replied while playing with his beads. "But don't worry, I'm taking you now to meet Mr. Novak who can give you some advice."

Wolf clearly didn't want to go. He was more interested in candied hawthorns. Wynter shot him a glance, and Wolf immediately behaved. He came over and let Wynter lead him by the hand.

Ronan found it odd that Wynter brought a mute child from the countryside.

"Your father visits Mr. Novak often. We might even run into him."

Ronan was trying to establish a connection.

Wynter smirked, "I'm not very familiar with him."

Ronan hesitated as he looked for excuses. "Well, you just came back, so it's natural not to be very familiar."

Suddenly, his curiosity was piqued. He wondered if Wynter had no intention of acknowledging anyone.

He felt that would make sense, particularly because the Quinnell family's adopted daughter was remarkable.

She was knowledgeable about calligraphy and jewelry and had a keen

understanding of antiques. Wynter on the other hand...

Chapter 334 Suggesting Ms. Quinnell Not Stay in Kingbourne

Ronan initially wanted to say Wynter came from “a small place” with limited vision. Yet, seeing her composed demeanor made him doubt himself. No matter what anyone said, whoever Fabian acknowledged

was the one!

Ronan reassured himself with this thought. Wynter still smiled lightly with a distinguished demeanor. She didn’t bother chatting with Fabian.

“We’re here.” Ronan glanced around and noted, “We really do have to queue.”

Indeed, there was a huge crowd. People who had appointments were lined up from inside to outside. The store’s antique facade displayed

a dazzling array of antiques.

A person holding a slip of paper exited jubilantly, beaming. “The fortune teller said if I drink this prescription, I’ll surely have a son!”

“The fortune teller knew you wanted a son?!” someone nearby exclaimed in surprise.

“That’s right! The divination was so accurate. I’m thoroughly convinced!”

Hearing this, those in line grew even more anxious. Just then, two individuals dressed like scholars came out and announced loudly..

“Today’s fortune-telling slots are full. We are sorry for any inconvenience caused. Please come back another day if you’re distressed.”

Chapter 334 Suggesting Ms. Quinnell Not Stay in Kingbourne

“Distressed?” Wynter’s eyes flicked up when she heard this.

Worried that Wynter was pondering too deeply, Ronan whispered, “ Ms. Quinnell, don’t worry. We’ll use another entrance and wait for the

crowd to disperse.”

Those who had queued for so long were hardly willing to disperse.

However, it was Darrell’s rule.

After 2:00 p.m., he no longer told fortunes but only allowed item requests. These were items that ordinary people could hardly afford as they often cost tens of thousands of dollars.

As the scholars said, people had no choice but to plan to return another day. Some even sought scalpers to queue for them, each

relying on their means.

Once most people had left, Ronan approached, handing the scholars some money. One scholar smiled. Sir Rathbone, that’s very kind of you. Please come inside.”

Ronan looked back at Wynter.

One of the scholars frowned. “Who is this?”

“Oh, she’s a relative’s child. She’s here to study in Kingbourne,” Ronan quickly improvised. Fabian had instructed him not to disclose Wynter’s background.

Wynter was even smarter, quickly saying. “Uncle, can you ask the master if I can get into Sacred Heart Medical University later?”

Ronan paused with the beads in his hand, looked back at Wynter as if

she were some sort of specter, and then nodded three times. “How

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forgetful of me! Of course, I’ll ask!”

Wynter’s reaction was perhaps too quick for him. Her way of

addressing him as “uncle” caught him off guard.

The unsuspecting scholar led them inside.

Wolf gazed up at Wynter. Wynter raised an eyebrow. “Do you like this

place?”

Wynter uttered an “Oh” as her smile grew wider. She thought to herself that this probably wasn’t a good place.

Thinking she was complimenting him, Wolf stood even straighter.

They walked past a room divider to see people drinking tea. They were about 70 years old and were adorned with white beards and robes. They were sitting around steadily.

Behind them was a wall of antiques, including fan screens, lanterns, and white porcelain jade vases.

“Sit,” an elder gestured.

Ronan immediately laughed. “Did you foresee my visit?”

The elder was Darrell. He poured a cup of tea. “I am fated with those in distress.”

Somewhat excited, Ronan quickly introduced, “This is my niece from out of town. She’s just arrived in Kingbourne. Could you look at her face?”

Darrell pushed the tea aside and smiled quietly.

Ronan knew the rules. “My niece also wants to request an item.”

Chap 334 Suggesting Ms Quenell Not Stay in Kingbourne.

The elder then turned his gaze to Wynter. After a long pause, his expression suddenly darkened. He watched her intently as his voice changed slightly when he spoke.

“The female in distress has too strong a presence. It harms herself and others. For her family’s sake, she shouldn’t stay in Kingbourne.”

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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Chapter 335 Dealing with a Swindler

Ronan gasped. “Best not to stay in Kingbourne?!”

He wondered if Darrell had anticipated that he was bringing the Ms. Quinnell that the Quinnell family had found.

Ronan was about to speak when Wynter beat him to it. “Then may I ask, is there a way to break this curse?”

"It's difficult to break," Darrell said pityingly. "Some hardships are beyond your blame. You've received little love since childhood, and few can understand you. Resentment can arise from this."

Wynter twirled the teacup in her fingers with a light smile. "

Resentment?"

"Yes," the old man said as he watched her. "All your pain comes from your resentment. You struggle unconsciously and can't break free. You wonder why others can have what you do not."

Wolf was getting restless as he narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Wynter sighed. "Someone once read my fortune too. He said I am continuously blessed, and any swindler who crosses paths with me

would be in big trouble."

"I didn't believe it before," Wynter said while curling her lips into a smile. "But now I do after I met you."

"What do you mean?" Darrell's assistant was furious.

The assistant looked at Ronan. "Sir Rathbone. What kind of person

Chum 335 Dealing with a Swindler

did you bring? Everyone in Sorzada City knows Mr. Novak's reputation. If you don't believe, don't come! We only help those who are destined

to be helped!"

Ronan did not expect Wynter to make things difficult suddenly. He thought she was going along just a moment ago and wondered why there was such a sudden change in her mind.

Ronan quickly apologized. "Darrell, my niece is naive. They don't

believe in this at school. I'll talk to her!"

"It's alright." The elder was exceptionally tolerant. "Nowadays, everyone is a materialist. I understand.

"But as I age, it's harder to watch those in distress suffer. Ms. Quinnell, you might not believe what I say, but for your family's sake, be careful of your fate to avoid any regrets in the future."

Ronan felt even more guilty. "She will be careful. This is serious.

Allow me to ask boldly, how can we resolve this?"

"Give me her birth details. Choosing random items won't work. It best to choose a talisman." The elder's gaze shifted. "It'll dispel the bad luck affecting Ms. Quinnell."

Ronan was already picking up his phone to make the payment.

Wynter suddenly asked, "Mr. Novak, what do you think I came here for?"

"To study," Darrell answered instinctively. Ronan paused as he was baffled.

Wynter's eyes deepened. "What you said was accurate. Your assistant misunderstood me."

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"You wanted to test me. That's understandable," Darrell said with scholarly grace.

Ronan watched Wynter, who nodded and simply said, "This is my first time in such a place, and I indeed was a bit defiant. So, do you think I can get into the school of my choice?"

"I see many difficulties through your face." Darrell shook his head and then said, "Draw a tarot card."

Wynter casually reached for the tarot deck on the table and drew a card. The tarot card fell to the ground, and the assistant picked it up

for the elder.

The elder sighed softly. "Just as I thought, a very unlucky draw."

Wynter seemed anxious. "What should I do then?"

"This is easy to solve. You just need to bring an angel statue home." Darrell put down the tarot card. "However, this statue must be made of gold."

Wynter then asked, "Do you have one here?"

“Second row behind me, third column,” Darrell advised. “Seeking education is the first step. One must be patient when it comes to change fates.”

Wynter smiled as she met Ronan’s gaze. “Uncle, do you think I should get myself an angel statue?”

Ronan was a bit dazed. He wondered how the topic had seriously turned to studying since Wynter wasn’t here to study at all!

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Yet, the “innocent” Wynter lifted the teacups toward him, indicating that Darrell was a swindler.

Chapter 336 Dump Your Fiancé and Be with Me

Ronan was shocked. He realized Wynter had done it on purpose. She had deliberately steered the conversation toward education to expose that Darrell couldn’t really predict anything!

He had spent at least a million and eight hundred thousand dollars at Darrell’s over the past year. He couldn’t believe it! Ronan told himself to stay calm.

Darrell was still watching him. “Mr. Rathbone?”

“I’m not buying it!” Ronan glared fiercely with a commanding presence.

Darrell’s face stiffened. He clearly hadn’t expected this response. Just then, laughter came from behind Ronan.

“Mr. Rathboone, you’ve really turned over a new leaf. You’re not showing any respect to Darrell,” said the group as they walked in, dressed in the most fashionable clothes from top brands.

Each had a unique style. Some had dyed hair, while others were handsome and well-groomed. But what they all had in common was their affluent background.

This piqued Wolf's interest, given his keen sense for money. He glanced at Wynter as if to ask, "Ms Quinnell, they're rich kids. Shall

we fleece them?"

Wynter wasn't interested until she recognized someone in the group. It was Sean, the youngest heir of the Scott family. Wynter tapped her fingers on the table and looked at him.

Chapter 336 Dump Your Fiance and Be with Me

Logan took off his sunglasses and stared at Wynter. He was mesmerized. "Wow, she's beautiful."

Wynter looked up at him. Her face was cold, yet stunningly beautiful.

She smiled at him.

This made Logan tug on Ronan's arm. "Who is this beauty?"

"My niece," Ronan said tightly, keeping to what Fabian had instructed him.

Logan scrutinized him. "You have such a beautiful niece?"

"What nonsense are you spouting?" Chad intervened with a cold look. He had the strongest presence in the group. "My brother is clueless,

Mr. Rathbone. Don't take him too seriously."

The Rathbone family had fallen on hard times, leading Ronan to become an antique dealer.

Logan didn't understand, but Chad knew better. One should never underestimate one of these old Kingbourne folks, even if they seemed like ordinary people now.

Ronan waved and smiled. "Chad, what brings you here today?"

"I want to ask Mr. Novak for an item," Chad said while looking toward

the wall of antiques. “Mr. Rathbone, you know Naomi’s coming-of-age ceremony is happening soon. Fabian said he would officially adopt her then, and I need to pick a gift worthy of the occasion.”

Ronan nodded as he shifted his gaze towards Wynter. He didn’t know

what to do because he didn’t expect such a response from Wynter. But Wynter seemed utterly unfazed.

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Chad continued, smiling at Darrell, “Most importantly, I want to ask Mr. Novak if my request can be fulfilled.”

Darrell then said, “Mr. Winston, please take a seat.”

Chad sat down, with Sean following quietly behind him. If Wynter hadn’t researched the Scott family, she wouldn’t have guessed he was one of them. Wynter pondered the relationships between these

individuals.

Blissfully unaware, Logan continued ogling her. “This lady is really beautiful. She has great skin and an impeccable demeanor.

“Hey pretty, do you have a boyfriend?”

Wynter felt that his face was blocking her view. “I have a fiancé.”

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Logan laughed. “Your fiancé can’t possibly be as handsome as me. How about you dump him and be with me?”

The all-knowing Ronan knew that Wynter’s fiancé was the last person from the Yarwood family anyone would want to mess with. It seemed that the Winston family had lost their minds.

Chapter 337 Wynter Puts the Rich Kid in His Place

While Ronan was thinking about how to get Logan to back off, Wynter had already spoken. “I’m sorry to disappoint you, kid. You’re nothing compared to my fiancé.”

Logan was taken aback and reflexively countered, “Then what does your fiancé look like?”

“He’s indeed handsome,” Wynter said, preparing to leave.

Chad was about to have his fortune told. He looked over and narrowed his eyes slightly. "Miss, you should be careful with how you speak. This is Kingbourne."

Wynter laughed lightly. "Are you planning to teach me manners?"

Chad watched her. Although she was beautiful, he couldn't tolerate such an attitude. He wondered if Ronan had taught her that Kingbourne had its own rules.

"Mr. Rathbone, you handle it," Chad said as he was unwilling to say more.

To Chad, she was just a foreigner. He couldn't understand how she was offended just because Logan merely looked at her twice. His disdain was evident on his face.

Logan knew he had made a mistake. "Sorry, miss. I was just joking. I didn't realize you and your fiancé were so close. Miss, you're a pure angel love."

Wynter could see that Logan was talking nonsense,

chapp/337 Wynter Puts the Fach Kid in His Place

"I'm pretty ordinary." Wynter stood up and approached him. "Mr. Logan Winston, right?"

Logan remained still. "That's me. Have you heard of the Winston family too?"

"I've heard of it." Wynter then took out her phone and sent a voice message. "Someone is trying to steal your woman. Oh, and by the way, what was your full name again?"

"You heard him. He says his name is Logan," Wynter spoke

unhurriedly. "Mr. Chad is quite a nice person. However, his brother seems to have some issues with me. Here's today's report, see what you can do about it."

Chad scoffed upon seeing this. He wondered if she was the kind of woman who tattled. Although she had a pretty face, it was probably

all she had.

"I'd like to see how your fiancé plans to deal with our family," Chad-

said with an arrogant attitude.

When Dalton received the message, he was about to sign a contract. He listened to Wynter's voice message and put his pen back down. His eyes deepened as a slight smile appeared on his lips.

He replied with another voice message, "Alright, I'll handle it. Enjoy your time at Panzarath. Let Mr. Rathbone show you around."

After responding to Wynter, he made a call to his subordinate. "Three days later, at the Winston family's party, tell them I'll be there."

"The Winston family? Boss, didn't you say not to inform you about purely social events?" Max wondered.

Chapter 337 Wynter Puts the Rich Kid in His Place

Dalton's voice carried a hint of amusement. "Just arrange it."

"Alright."

On the other end, Max was still guessing why Dalton's mood had suddenly improved.

Meanwhile, Ronan coughed heavily. He really hadn't expected Wynter to be such a character. He wondered if she would just settle scores on the spot and tell Dalton about this.

Logan was somewhat stunned. "You told your fiancé about us?"

Ladies should be independent, miss!"

"I'm just not independent enough," Wynter sighed deeply.

She didn't mention Dalton was in a bad mood. Finding him something to do might cheer him up. That's why people said love could take a lot.

of brainpower.

Seeing her nonchalant attitude, Logan found her even more

interesting. "Miss, let's be friends. Though you complained to your boyfriend, your boyfriend doesn't even know us."

“He’s also from Kingbourne,” Wynter said with a deep smile. “You should know him.”

Chapter 338 Wynter Shows Her Other Persona

Chad listened, and his face turned cold. “Then you’re mistaken. Not all people from Kingbourne know each other.”

“Chad!” Logan pushed him slightly. “Let Mr. Novak check your fortune. Don’t get involved in this.”

Chad’s voice was cold as he replied, “So I should let you make friends with this commoner?”

Although Ronan was also afraid of escalating the conflict, he knew where his allegiances lay. “According to Mr. Winston, I shouldn’t even be here since the Winston family is superior!”

Clyde was currently in a tricky position. He would have preferred to keep a low profile.

Chad understood this and, upon hearing Ronan’s words, clenched his fist in frustration. He said, “Mr. Rathbone, you misunderstand. Everyone is different, and I’ve never considered you an outsider.”

That was somewhat conciliatory.

Ronan took the hint. “Then I’ll consider the earlier comment a misunderstanding. Gentlemen, go on with your business. I’ll take my niece elsewhere.”

“Hold on a second.” Wynter’s gaze fell on Logan’s waist, and she suddenly smiled. “Your brother is getting his fortune read, but you’re not?”

Logan was surprised. “I don’t believe in that,”

Choi Wynter Shows Her Other Persona

Chad glanced at Wynter. “Mr. Rathbone, is your niece trying to provoke my brother again?”

Ronan wasn't sure what Wynter was planning as he tugged at her sleeve.

Wynter said lazily, "It seems Mr. Winston thinks about nothing but romantic affairs. No wonder the Winston family has been laying low lately."

Suddenly, there came a loud bang! Chad's hand slammed onto the wooden table. All his pretense of civility was gone. "The Winston family is not a topic for a foreigner like you to discuss!"

"The Winston family lives off public funds. Any citizen can discuss them. Why can't I do the same?" Wynter let out a wider smile. "Mr. Winston, isn't what you seek just to be with someone you admire?"

Chad suddenly choked.

Wynter's eyes deepened. "Isn't that a matter of romance?"

"Indeed!" the naive Logan exclaimed in surprise. "Miss, how did you know?"

Wynter was nonchalant. "I can read fortunes too."

Darrell could no longer stay silent and sighed deeply. "Miss, why bother? Mr. Winston's written intentions are long-lasting and will surely move his beloved."

"How is that supposed to be long-lasting? Wynter said playfully. "It's clear the other party has someone in mind, and Mr. Winston is only thinking wishfully."

Another loud bang came! Chad could no longer maintain his gentle demeanor. "Shut the hell up!"

Ronan was shocked by Wynter's accuracy. He wondered how she had managed to guess everything correctly.

Logan and Sean also looked intrigued. Outsiders wouldn't have known about Naomi's situation. They wondered how a random person like Ronan's niece would know, and whether she really had some hidden skills.

Logan hesitated, then whispered to Wynter, "Could you read my

fortune for me?"

He felt that what she said was too accurate. It would be a loss for him if he missed her reading.

Wynter's smile was light as she responded, "Five thousand dollars a word."

"Five thousand?" Darrell watched Wynter, slowly shaking his head. Miss, you come into my shop and do such things. Doesn't it bother your conscience to deceive people?"

Wynter glanced at the antiques behind him and said, "Darrell, all this artificially aged porcelain could be worth tens of thousands of dollars. And here you are, scaring people with fertility potions. If you're not worried, then I'm definitely not."

"You!" The assistant was furious as he shouted at Darrell, "Mr. Novak, she's clearly here to cause trouble!"

Chapter 339 Wynter Is the Most Powerful Fortune Teller

Darrell looked at Ronan. "Mr. Rathbone, you're a veteran in the antique circle. You should know that fortune-telling is all about belief. If you don't believe it, feel free to leave."

Ronan had already seen through Darrell. Smiling casually, he said, "Don't try to pressure me with the rules of fortune telling. Fortune telling here in Panzarath relies on mutual agreement. As long as the buyer and seller are in accord, no one can interfere."

"Mr. Logan hasn't even spoken yet, so don't get anxious, Mr. Novak. How about this? I'll give you 10% of the profit if my niece's deal goes through. After all, it's a transaction at your place."

He was right. That was how things worked in Panzarath. Logan was certainly willing to get a tarot reading. He quickly drew a card. The disciple was furious, but there was nothing he could do.

Darrell, upon seeing the card Logan draw, suddenly agreed to have

Wynter interpret the card. "Miss, please begin your interpretation."

What does this card mean?"

It was the Death card. Ronan glanced at Logan, curious about what misfortune might befall him.

Logan blinked innocently. "I just simply drew a card."

"The Death card symbolizes transformation, endings, and new beginnings," Wynter explained slowly. "It suggests that certain

aspects of your life may need to come to an end to bring about positive change."

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She glanced at the pendant around Logan's waist. "For example, if your nightmares persist, you should consider whether you should reduce speeding."

The disciple chuckled. "Mr. Novak, this is the first time I've heard someone interpret the Death card this way. It's absolute nonsense."

Darrell shook his head. "Don't be rude."

Chad also didn't believe Wynter and said to Ronan, "Mr. Rathbone, your niece is quite the charlatan. Logan never has nightmares. He

sleeps more soundly than anyone."

"Exactly." Sean laughed, clearly not taking Wynter's words seriously.

Only Logan hesitated for a moment. Initially, he had been smiling. But

when he heard Wynter mention nightmares, he looked at her

differently. "Can my problem be solved?"

His question stunned everyone, especially Chad. "What's gotten into you?"

"Nothing. There's no harm in believing her, right?" Logan chuckled. He didn't want anyone to know about his nightmares. "Since you're getting a reading on your love life, I might as well join in."

Wynter wanted to save him and do a good deed. Since Logan's pendant was nothing ordinary, she didn't beat around the bush.

"It can be solved. Just don't wear random things and believe in science. Don't go street racing tonight."

"Okay." Logan breathed a sigh of relief. He would throw everything away when he got home.

Clapé 230 Wynterts the Mast Powerful Fortune Teller

Wynter didn't save him for nothing. She nudged Wolf forward. "Since I haven't found the others, you can try touching him. The effect should be the same." The opposite effect was still an effect.

Wolf's eyes suddenly turned slightly red. Logan, though puzzled, followed suit. He placed his hand on Wolf's head. Wolf chuckled twice and promptly produced a QR code.

Logan laughed. "This kid's interesting.

Wolf's expression was cold as if saying, "You're the interesting one. Acting so cocky when you're about to die."

Logan scanned the QR code and transferred the money.

Within seconds, Wolf's phone dinged. "Congratulations, Little Chaos. You've received ten thousand dollars."

Ten thousand dollars? Only then did Wolf look at Logan with a grin, seemingly wanting to say something to offer him some blessings

Seeing this, Wynter quickly covered Wolf's mouth and whispered, "What are you doing? Are you trying to kill him?"

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Wolf gestured, "He's not bad."

"Getting praised by you is not a good thing," Wynter replied casually.

Having saved Logan, she didn't want to stay any longer. She glanced at Ronan. "Uncle Ronan, shall we go outside for a walk?"

"Sure, let's go." Before leaving, Ronan gave Darrell a warning. "Panzarath allows various ways to make money. But if anyone dares to harm others, they'll face lawsuits.

Darrell chuckled softly. "Mr. Rathbone, I only guide those who are meant to receive my guidance. It appears that our paths are not

destined to cross."

“Mr. Novak.” Wynter toyed with her purple sugilite pendant and suddenly lifted her gaze. “Are you really talking about destiny? I have a question for you, Mr. Novak. Did you study the Arcane Way or the Mystic Path?”

“I doubt it was the Mystic Path given that you’re doing business here.

Then, is it the Arcane Way? The Arcane Way focuses solely on

cultivation and doesn’t talk about destiny. Thus, you neither studied the Arcane Way nor the Mystic Path. Now, that’s interesting.”

Wynter turned to look at Logan. “Mr. Logan, since you’ve paid me, I’ll offer you a friendly reminder. Nowadays, there are certifications for those who study the Arcane Way or the Mystic Path. Mr. Novak is quite skilled. He should have pursued those certifications.”

Logan, being cooperative, immediately asked, “Mr. Novak, you surely

Chopper sau Wynter la Truly Extraordinary

have the certificate, right?”

Darrell wrung his hands nervously but hid his nervousness with a smile. “I studied on my own.”

Logan responded, “Oh, that means you don’t have the certificate.”

Darrell took a deep breath. “Mr. Chad, Mr. Logan is-”

“Logan, do you want me to tell Grandpa about today’s incident?” Chad felt that his younger brother was hopeless. “Mr. Novak is our family’s esteemed guest. You should know that. Don’t embarrass yourself in

front of others.”

Logan stiffened at the mention of the word “Grandpa”. His voice went

muffled. “Fine.”

“Apologize to Mr. Novak.” Chad pressured him with his authority as an elder brother. Logan had no choice but to comply.

Being a forgiving man, Darrell said, “It’s okay. Mr. Logan was just misled.”

Without looking back, Wynter strolled out of the courtyard. She

couldn’t be bothered with their act. The fact that the Winston family

trusted such a scammer was none of her concern anyway.

Suddenly, Wolf raised his hand and gestured toward her.

Wynter pinched his face and looked at his canines. "Alright, once you've had your fill, let's go. If I leave you here, it'll be someone else's bad luck."

Wolf nodded vigorously. He had to listen to Wynter's words.

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Observing from the side, Ronan looked somewhat puzzled, but there was something he had to ask. "Ms. Quinnell, how did you figure out that Mr. Chad has feelings for someone?"

"Figure out?" Wynter smirked. "I didn't figure it out. My fiancé told me."

Ronan couldn't believe that Wynter and Dalton would talk about this kind of thing.

Wynter continued, "Didn't he mention wanting to give a gift to Naomi? Even a fool could guess what he was planning to ask during the tarot reading."

Ronan nodded, finding her explanation plausible. But he still felt something was off. "Is Mr. Logan's insomnia real or fake?"

"If you believe me, then it's real." Wynter looked at Ronan with profound eyes. "Uncle Ronan, do you believe me?"

Ronan couldn't quite figure out Wynter, but she had been too clever, just now, especially in exposing Darrell.

So, he decided to take a gamble. "I do."

"I study medicine." Wynter didn't disclose much. "The pendant on Mr. Logan emits a strange scent which can disturb the mind if worn for long periods."

Ronan suddenly understood. "So, about his street racing..."

"I made that up, just like how Mr. Novak fooled you." Wynter chuckled.

"Fortune tellers in the market simply combine the information your

reveal and say vague things. People then imagine things themselves. That's psychology."

Despite being in this circle for so long, Ronan was hearing this explanation for the first time. As he looked at Wynter, his eyes were filled with admiration

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